

# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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WHOLE NUMBER 73.

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

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HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

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The rates we have established for advertising will be strictly adhered to in every instance. They are as low as any paper established on a firm basis, with a wide circulation, can be made. We always receive good advertisements, and will give preference always to local papers, and will receive them from our own men received when the same are sent to us, and will make known their business to all of our readers; and, therefore, we will be glad to receive them, and do not waste a man's money unless we give him value received. A glance at our paper will convince any one that it is a good paper, and that it is the best business men in this country are represented by it. We will not charge any extra for foreign advertisements, but are not working on the Joe principle—inserting a few words here and there, and then charging a sum to our readers, at lower rates than we charge ourselves, just to all up—where charge alike, foreign and domestic, and we will be glad to receive them, and worthy the attention of our readers. As an inducement to reliable wholesale business houses, we say that the *Interior Journal* is the best newspaper in Kentucky than all the other Kentucky newspapers combined.

Advertising Rates given on application.

## GOOD TEMPLAR'S COLUMN.

### To the Voters of Lincoln County:

We have shown the whisky trade to be detrimental to every interest of our people—financial, social, political and moral. It is presumed there is not one voter within the county who does not believe it to be such. Why then will any one cast his vote to perpetuate the retail of whisky, knowing at the same time, it is to be the greatest evil under which his country groans? Why will men vote for that which they know to be wrong? We propose, in this paper, to furnish some answers to this question; but before doing so, it is proper to make some general statements on the science of government.

Civil government, in our sense, is of divine origin, and carries with it divine obligations. "The powers be, or are ordained of God." The civil officer or "ruler" is the minister of God to thee for good—he bears not the sword in vain, "for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." The fact of the Divine origin and obligations of civil government, is beyond question. But what is the best form of that government depends upon the intellectual and moral status of the people to be governed. This proposition none will deny.

The same form of government would not be best for every people. Modes are hardly prepared for a republican government. Spain, France and Mexico are experimenting and subjecting their people to the ordeal which will demonstrate their ability or inability for self-government. What is it, then, that is to determine the best form of government for a given people? What is that political solvent that will certainly indicate the best form of government for which a people is prepared? It is the intelligence and virtue of the people? If these are in the ascendant, a republic may live; if not, it will certainly die.

Now, then, no one could well deny that the whisky trade obstructs intelligence, and destroys virtue in the ratio of its extent. Therefore, it is the duty of every philanthropist and patriot to seek the legal prohibition of that which is detrimental to the public good, and the destruction of republican government.

If, then, prohibition is not obtained by law, the reason for such failure will not be that the people, in the main, were not apprised of the evil fruits of the whisky trade. The people do know these evil results. Why, then, will some oppose prohibition, and others refuse to vote on the question? We write for candid earnest men, and only ask the impartial reading of our answers to the above question. The prohibition of the retail of whisky will be opposed for many reasons. Ability to discern all these reasons is not claimed by us; nor do we presume to be able, by our answers, to cover all the reasons men may have for opposing prohibition. We can only do our best; very different reasons will influence different men to oppose the prohibitory law. Let no one accept one sentence we write that is not true to facts. Let truth only prevail.

Since, then, different men will vote against a prohibitory whisky law, for different reasons the opposers of such a law are naturally divided into different classes, and we are guided into the arrangement of these classes only by what little knowledge we possess of the laws governing man's moral nature and our limited observation.

"It is reasonable to suppose that most persons, who have been distillers, will vote against the prohibitory law; and why? For the reason that every man wants to appear to be consistent. If it is not wrong to make it, it is not wrong to sell it! They feel that to vote against whisky-selling would condemn their own former business of whisky-making! And hence, not having lost their first love, it is reasonable to expect some of this class to oppose a change in the whisky law, on the ground of consisten-

cy to principle, and proclaim it a precious "jewel."

2d. Those who are distillers at present reasonably be expected to oppose prohibition. Every man desires that the business in which he is engaged shall be recognized as respectable and legitimate. It is known how very potent money is in conferring respectability upon its possessor. Distilling derives a pseudo respectability from the enormous amount of capital invested in it. Hence, men derive immense comfort and courage from the commercial and social position secured to them by the high consideration usually accorded to the possessor of money. Under the pressure of this monetary influence, the conscience is made to bend or break, and the whisky-maker secures at least partial recognition for his trade, on the ground that he "makes money too." Every feeling of pride of character is enlisted to influence the distiller to vote against the prohibitory law. It is reasonable to count him in favor of whisky.

3d. Some may vote in favor of whisky through fear of losing trade or custom in this particular business; especially may this be true in a community where the whisky vote is largely in the majority. Whenever the conviction obtains that there is much to lose and nothing to gain by voting against the whisky interests, such a vote may not reasonably be expected. Nevertheless there are noble examples of inflexible devotion to truth and right, amid the combined influences of a subsidized majority.

4th. Those who make a profit by the sale of whisky may reasonably be expected to vote in favor of the law that legalizes the trade. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." Hence the sympathies of those who sell whisky, are supposed, in the main, to be against the temperance cause. We have heard of some noble exceptions. May their number daily increase. On the other hand, it is apprehended that efforts will be made to carry the vote of the county in favor of whisky, by the unlawful use of whisky. These suspicions may be groundless. It is hoped they are. Should such efforts be made, however, let the voters of Lincoln consider well the character and magnitude of such an evil! What would be the real significance of such an effort? About this:—There is a man (white or colored) whose reason and sense of right would lead him to vote against the whisky trade, but if reason can be dethroned, and his sense of right consumed by the fires of the maddening cup, he will, under such an influence, readily yield his manhood, and cast his vote in favor of whisky, and consequently in favor of all the crimes and woes that flow from the use of whisky. He is made to cast a vote, under the influence of whisky, which he would not have done in the exercise of that reason and conscience with which God endowed him. Would not this be the destruction of all "rights" conferred upon man, human and Divine?

If reason and conscience are to be subjugated in order to secure the vote, then are not the deepest and most sacred rights known to free government, crushed beneath the tyrant's power? If he, whom the law declares free (be he white or black), and competent to exercise the blood-bought elective franchise, may be drugged with whisky until he is bereft of reason and conscience, and caused to vote for that which severs his own degradation, then is law but a shadow, and free government a miserable farce without the ghost of reality.

Voters of Lincoln! as you love liberty and the sacredness of your own hearthstone—by the immortal love you bear for your country, your children and your God, record your vow in Heaven that, as long as life shall last, you will resist, by all honorable and lawful means, the use of whisky in controlling elections. Let the solemn resolve be made, and the decree go forth—Whisky shall not control our elections! We have all the elements of a speedy and glorious triumph. Victory is certain, and "the world will bless our progress in the work we have to do, shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

5th. There may be some holding office, and others expecting one day to become candidates for office, who may vote on the wrong side through mistake, or some may refuse to vote on the question, not feeling certain on which side their interests do lie. Of course all church-members will vote their honest sentiments, and preachers, impeccable beings as they are, "can not sin"—of course not. But for the information of all doubtless as to the success of the temperance cause, let it be known now, once for all, that the temperance army in Kentucky is increasing rapidly every day. At this writing nearly one thousand Lodges stand pledged for life. The order of Good Templars is a perpetual body. Already it has traveled the circuit of the world. The R. W. G. Lodge is now in session in London. Trusting in God for the righteousness of the cause of temperance, and looking to him for aid, the friends of this cause have deter-

mined to succeed. Success now, is only a question of time.

6th. Are any candidates now before the people engaged in using whisky to secure their election? We know not. We see but little of them, know but little, but facts will be known wherever they exist.

A Government that will tolerate the use of whisky by candidates for political office, to secure their own election, is so far the very worst conceivable despotism. The bayonet and the sword are far milder and better masters. The heartless reign of a Nero, over the property and lives of his Christian subjects was more tolerable than is the demoniacal cruelty inflicted by whisky upon its subjects. Nero could only destroy the body. Whisky perverts reason, judgment and conscience, binds the whole man, body and soul and spirit, with its chains, and dooms its victim to a life of mental and moral degradation.

A republic can have no worse enemy than him who destroys the morals of her people, and units them for every duty, by the use of whisky, in order to secure his own election. The strong arm of the law ought to arrest him as a public enemy, and cause him to realize that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

W. L. W.

### Prohibitory Liquor Law.

An Act to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in Lincoln County, and to take a vote on the same. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

SECTION 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to sell spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in the county of Lincoln, in less quantities than one barrel, when the liquor sold is whisky; in less than ten gallons, when the liquor sold is wine, beer or aleans: Provided, That druggists may, upon the written prescription of a regular physician, for medical purposes, sell spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, subject to inspection by any one of the drugists, to meet the requirements of this act.

SECTION 2. That before this act takes effect, the several towns of Lincoln County, shall, upon the petition of one hundred citizens of said county, cause a vote to be taken at all the voting places in said county for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the qualified voters as to whether they are in favor or against the provisions of the 1st section of this act: Provided, That when such votes shall have been taken and declared by those authorized by law to compare the votes of said county, the majority of the votes cast at said election are in favor of the provisions of the 1st section of this act, and, not before, shall said Section 1 be in force.

SECTION 3. That any person violating the provisions of this act shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred dollars for each offence, upon indictment by a Grand Jury of said county, and verdict of a Standing Jury.

SECTION 4. That the election provided for by this act shall be held by the officers authorized by law to hold elections for State officers under the same rules and restrictions: Provided, That when a sheriff of said county shall at least twenty days' notice of such election by printed advertisements posted at all the voting places in said county.

SECTION 5. This act shall take effect from its passage.

JAMES B. MCREADY,

Speaker of the House of Reps.  
JOHN G. CARLISLE,  
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved April 19, 1873.

P. H. LESLIE,

By the Governor.  
G. W. CHADDOCK,  
Secretary of State.

COUNTY OF FRANKLIN. } ss.  
City of Frankfort. } ss.

I, G. W. CRADDOCK, Secretary of State, certify that the foregoing is a true and perfect copy of an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, passed on the 18th day of January, A.D. 1873, entitled "An Act to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in Lincoln County, and to take a vote on the same." Approved April 19, 1873, appears from the original enrolled bill in my office.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Seal of my office, Done at Frankfort, on this

12th day of June, A. D. eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and in the 52nd year of the Commonwealth.

G. W. CRADDOCK,  
Secretary of State.

W. H. BOTTs, Assistant Secretary.

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A SEA-FARING man, who has recently married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which we think will put some of the "society" persons to the blush: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left the millinery dry-docks, is clipper built, and with a figure head not often seen on small crafts. Her length of keel is five feet eight inches, over all five feet eleven inches, displaces twenty-seven feet of cubic air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball-room; full in the waist, spare trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly rigged, fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers, mainsail part silk, with forestay-sail of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best steel, covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of stern sails or rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur at this latitude sooner or later. I am told in running down the street before the wind, she answers the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her."

5th. There may be some holding office, and others expecting one day to become candidates for office, who may vote on the wrong side through mistake, or some may refuse to vote on the question, not feeling certain on which side their interests do lie. Of course all church-members will vote their honest sentiments, and preachers, impeccable beings as they are, "can not sin"—of course not.

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Already it has traveled the circuit of the world. The R. W. G. Lodge is now in session in London. Trusting in God for the righteousness of the cause of temperance, and looking to him for aid, the friends of this cause have deter-

### BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

#### GENTLEMEN BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My dearest duck, my sweetest girl, I love you most sincerely; I'd rather own this sunny curl Than win a fortune yearly; This little hand, so soft and white, Was only made for kisses; This little form, so frail and light, Was made for gaunt dresses.

I'll keep my Kate a span of grays, A carriage and a pony; I'll go with her to balls and plays, And never speak of money;

For I'll buy a romance new, Attending to her pleasure, Poems bound in gold and blue, I'll order for my treasure.

Our lives shall be but one sweet dream Of love and sunny weather, No adverse wave shall cross the stream Of which you're made forever.

#### AFTER MARRIAGE.

You always talk of plays and balls, You are forever flirting, And scribbling rhymes and making calls, And never make up shirting;

You smile on every whiskered face, You chase all silly fashions;

You load in jewels, flaunt in face, And show your angry passions!

#### LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

I feel a very solemn sense

Of all a woman's duty,

To keep within the door-yard fence,

Unmindful of her beauty;

To share husband's grief and care,

But, in his shadow walking,

Content to 'min' her own affairs,

Be reverent when he is talking!

Tis plain our maker did not design

That woman should be humble;

Not given to looks or dressing fine,

Which makes them fat and grubome,

Those novels are pernicious things;

To feed imagination;

All filled with angles' horn wings—

To me, they are vexation.

Dear William, a young wedded wife.

I aim never to tease you,

My aim and pride all through my life

Shall only be to please you!

#### AFTER MARRIAGE.

Bill, come down stairs; I know you can,

The baby has the colic;

The way you shirk your duties, man,

Is truly diabolic;

The nurse has such a blundering way

She cannot stop her crying,

And for me I'm house all day

Till I am almost dying.

Ann! run and bring my velvet sacque,

My parasol and bonnet;

I'm going to Messrs. Black,

The prifters, with a sonnet!

I have no time to write nor read—

But while he tends the baby,

You, Sarah, take this book with speed

Across to Mrs. May;

Ask her to lend me Hugo's last

In change for Love's Dilemma—

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# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

D. W. HILTON, F. J. CAMPBELL, Editors and Pro's.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873.

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER,  
J. W. TATE,  
OF FRANKLIN.  
FOR STATE SENATE  
Hon. T. W. VARNON,  
OF LINCOLN.  
FOR REPRESENTATIVE  
Dr. T. B. MONTGOMERY,  
OF LINCOLN.

## A FINAL WORD.

To the voters of this Senatorial District, we propose in this the last issue of the JOURNAL before the election, to add dress a few plain words.

It has rarely ever before fallen within the range of your opportunity to elect to the State Senate a more faithful and efficient officer than Varnon, or a more treacherous politician than Mr. Sneed. We have no inclination to be personally offensive to Mr. S., but we are forced, as we conceive, by the uniform tenor of his own course in political life, to say of him that he is totally unfaithful and unreliable in his political relations. We are not advised just now what he assumes to be, a Democrat or Radical. He declines to answer the question which has been repeatedly put to him by Mr. Varnon whether, if elected, he would vote for a Radical or Democrat for the United States Senate! He has openly avowed his purpose to vote for Bedlow, the Republican candidate for the legislature in Boyle county; and yet the Republicans of the district are so thoroughly impressed with the conviction of his treachery, that, as a party, they will not endorse him. It is an anomalous feature in a political race, when a candidate is viewed with distrust and suspicion by both parties. But the suspicion with which the better class of Republicans look upon Sneed amounts to a persuasion of his unworthiness, while all Democrats know of a certainty that he cannot be depended upon.

It is unnecessary to draw the contrast, which may be expected from this plain statement of Sneed's political character. We do not propose to be eulogistic of Varnon. He has made himself better known to this district than we could possibly do by any newspaper article. As summing that he is in every respect the opposite of Sneed, the only question worthy of mention is, how are you going to vote? Has any Democrat suffered himself to be beguiled into the belief that he will advance the interest of his party by giving his vote to Sneed? If so, what is the ground of his belief? We tell you honestly and bluntly, and can prove it, that he is further from being a Democrat to-day than any recognized leader of the Republican party. And we say to the Republicans of this district, that while it is not expected of them, on account of political differences, that they will vote for Varnon, if circumstances should throw upon them the necessity of choosing between an honest democrat and Mongrel, the manner in which they will exercise that choice, must rest upon their own consciences. It must remain with them a matter of individual conscience whether they will vote for a Democrat so avowed and so recognized, reputable in his personal and political relations, or for one of whom we will not further speak.

**NOT QUITE A DUEL.**  
Who says that Bobbitt is not famous? He is without honor even in the State of Kansas. See what a flattering notice of him we find in the *Walnut Valley (Kansas) Times*, of the 14th ult. "The postal cards are quietly doing their work. The following message left Eldorado post office yesterday." HON. FOUNTAIN F. BOBBITT, Crab Orchard, Ky.

ELDORADO, July 17th.—DEAR SIR— I have just learned that the check for \$20 drawn by you on the Farmers' National Bank in Stanford in favor of the undersigned, for printing your famous lecture on "Love, Courtship and Marriage," in 1871, has been dishonored by the bank. Campbell of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL purchased the check and is now counting it as assets. Please "come to time."

JNO. P. CAMPBELL.

Of course Bobbitt will hasten to time."

ALL Democrats should remember that on next Monday, they will be expected to vote for a candidate for State Treasurer. Do not fail to keep it in your memory that James W. Tate is the Democratic candidate for that office. He has discharged its duties one term to the satisfaction of his constituents, and is now before the people for re-election. He has proven himself worthy your confidence, and you should not, from any kind of negligence lose sight of him next Monday. Remember: James W. Tate, of Franklin county, is the Democratic candidate for the office of State Treasurer.

BOBBITT, in writing a delicate puff of himself to the Lancaster News, says he is "thoroughly honest." Who has ever accused Bobbitt of dishonesty? Who said he defrauded as a J. P.? Who said he did not turn over the funds he collected for the Confederate monument? Who said he went on bail bonds of negroes, worked them until he was indemnified, and then got the forfeiture remitted? Come, gentlemen, be not too rash in your charges! Bobbitt says he is "thoroughly honest," and Mark Antony said that Brutus and Bobbitt were "honorable men."

GARRARD circuit court still in session.

## Bobbitt's Pledge.

Bobbitt is running the race for the Legislature as an ambiguous candidate, and is playing, as he conceives, a very shrewd game for the Republican vote. The chief boast of Bobbitt's life, save his chronic brag about his erudition, has been his devotion to, and advocacy of, the "undying principles of the Democratic party." In a letter written by him on the tenth day of March last, and addressed to the *Central Kentucky News*, and published in that paper on the 20th day of March, he assigns as a reason why he should receive the nomination by the Democratic party for the office which he now aspires, "because he has always stood up for the Democratic platform, defending its creed, advocating its time-honored principles, and supporting its nominees." How far Bobbitt may have conformed to the exact truth in making this statement, when, in fact, he refused to vote for Judge Durham for Congress, although privately and publicly pledged to do so, is left for him and the qualified voters of the county to determine. In a recent speech delivered at Highland, which is conceded to be a Republican precinct, he avowed that he purposely destroyed his own ballot for Durham by writing his name on the face of it. He was then laying the foundation for the race in which he is now engaged, and by that act of destruction of his own vote expected to secure favor of the Republican party; at the same time hoping to importune Democrats into the predicament of voting for him on the ground of former adherence to the party. This is decidedly too thin. The time has long since passed, if, indeed, it ever was, when such shallow and unworthy artifice as this can be made to avail anything, save the destruction of the trickster who practices it. Every right thinking man of any party has settled into an unalterable conviction, that a man, who assumes to be a politician, and who faithfully and consistently adheres to one party or the other. It is indeed more tolerable in an aspirant for office to proclaim his independence of any party organization, than to attempt a race as the candidate of both, or either, according to circumstances and locality. This latter is the small game of the remarkable, self-named Cicero-of-the-mountains. In Highland he hangs out the county's sign; in other portions of the country he parades his Democracy. Such conduct everywhere meets with a just and unqualified condemnation.

One of Bobbitt's clamors is against conventions. Let us note how far his zeal on this subject accords with his record. In the letter above referred to, written and published last March, which was in fact his card of announcement, he says:

"The notice calling upon Dr. T. B. Montgomery, who, I am sure, does not want the office, says 'that he is one of the few men in the county to be elected without opposition.' Lay not this flattering election to your souls, gentlemen, for there is not a man in the county who can run without opposition." Lay not this flattering election to your souls, gentlemen, for there is not a man in the county to be elected without opposition. If so, what is the ground of his belief? We tell you honestly and bluntly, and can prove it, that he is further from being a Democrat to-day than any recognized leader of the Republican party. And we say to the Republicans of this district, that while it is not expected of them, on account of political differences, that they will vote for Varnon, if circumstances should throw upon them the necessity of choosing between an honest democrat and Mongrel, the manner in which they will exercise that choice, must rest upon their own consciences. It must remain with them a matter of individual conscience whether they will vote for a Democrat so avowed and so recognized, reputable in his personal and political relations, or for one of whom we will not further speak.

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GARRARD circuit court still in session.

fence, he would hold Mr. Haldeman, Mr. Watterson and Mr. Henderson to personal accountability, nor would he suffer any substitute, paid or volunteer, to assume the responsibility. Upon the publication of the communication, Mr. Sears, in a published card, avowed himself as the author of the offensive articles and asserted his responsibility: that when Mr. Watterson left for Europe he selected him (Sears) as the editor-in-chief during his absence, a fact which was well known not only to the editor of the *Yeoman*, but to the Press throughout the State. In response to this, Col. Major called attention to his communication first published, in which he clearly stated that he would not regard the assumed responsibility of any substitute or employee, but would look alone to Mr. Watterson, Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Henderson in their individual capacities.

Thus the matter stands so far as we have information. The editors of the *Courier-Journal* are committed against dueling, and we know not what course they may pursue should they see proper to continue the offense to Col. Major. Watterson, though a very giant with his pen, is physically unable to fight with any other weapon, and the burden of a personal affray would necessarily be thrown upon Haldeman or Henderson. But there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip," and we may not, after all, be treated to the sonation of a little blood-bleeding.

**War with Mexico.**  
Ten days ago the telegraphic dispatches from Washington City spread throughout the country the rumor, prevailing in official circles, that there had been an actual conflict of arms between the United States and Mexican soldiery. We have waited confirmation of the report, and though ascertaining in the meantime it was a false note of alarm, we are not prepared to say that, while it does not approach a certainty, it is nevertheless not improbable, that we are on the threshold of very stirring events with Mexico—probably a war, the intensity and duration of which we have been lead to under-estimate on account of an abounding confidence in our resources and power.

It will doubtless be remembered that the *cavus belli* has its origin in the invasion of Mexico, by Col. McKenzie, of the United States regular army, for the purpose of inflicting chastisement upon a band of Indians, which, it is alleged, had previous to that time been in the habit of making incursions on our frontiers and stealing cattle and other property from American citizens. The invasion of Mexico for this purpose was regarded at that time, by that power, as unauthorized by the law of nations, in fact as a violation thereof, and aroused the fury of the Mexicans to a boiling heat. It is profitless to stop and inquire, how far forth the conduct of Col. McKenzie, approved by the government, may be a breach of international comity, or whether it is a breach at all or not. The United States government is pregnant with a war fever, and only waits to be delivered. It is the policy of the administration to involve the country in a war with a foreign power, under the vain delusion that attention would thereby be drawn from the corruption at Washington to another theatre of common interest. As we have said, it is idle for Jurists, mated in all the learning that pertains to international law, to attempt a demonstration to the administration that McKenzie was guilty of a breach of comity, not to sayanity; but we can not fail to call to mind the fundamental principle, that it is not lawful to make neutral territory the scene of hostility, or to attack an enemy while within it. The small affair between the Indians and the United States was recognized by the latter as a war on a small scale, and any intrepidity on the part of our troops was embazoned in the most conspicuous places of the public journals. The Indians were regarded and treated as a hostile, belligerent force. Mexico was neutral in the small contest, and even friendly to the United States. Yet, without gaining permission to invade her territory with an armed force, McKenzie made it the theatre of overt acts of hostility.

This is his pledge. How has he redeemed it? The convention said to him, "stand back," and he stands forward!

We are sorely afraid, that his pledge is not worth any more than his obligation, and all that is left to us is to chew what little comfort there is in the melancholy couplet,

"And to that mandate, thus spoken,  
He bows the most implicit obedience,  
But he vents it distinctly, underived, that he  
has no objection, whatever, to Dr. T. B. Montgomery,  
and if his claims upon the party are to be again postponed,  
there is not a man in the county whom he prefers  
to the doctor.

This is his pledge. How has he redeemed it? The convention said to him, "stand back," and he stands forward!

We are sorely afraid, that his pledge is not worth any more than his obligation, and all that is left to us is to chew what little comfort there is in the melancholy couplet,

"And to that mandate, thus spoken,  
He bows the most implicit obedience,  
But he vents it distinctly, underived, that he  
has no objection, whatever, to Dr. T. B. Montgomery,  
and if his claims upon the party are to be again postponed,  
there is not a man in the county whom he prefers  
to the doctor.

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BOBBITT claims to carry the Crab Orchard precinct in his breeches pocket.—He assumes absolute ownership and personal control of every man's vote in that end of the county. With some knowledge of the intelligence, virtue and spirit of that people, we are slow to believe that Bobbitt leads them by the nose after the fashion he boasts in the *Lancaster News*. Read this extract from his letter of March the 10th:

Crab Orchard is entitled to the candidate, and Bobbitt is the only man in the nation that can pull every vote in his pocket. He has already made one speech two hours in length, in his native hills, and set the knobs on fire, whose lanterns and flames are now glowing, like beacon lights, pointing his way to Frankfort.

REV. WASH OWSLEY is a Bobbitt man and attempted to advocate his election at Turnerville the other night, when an ancient and respectable colored citizen arose in his place in the audience and dampered the ardor of the speaker by saying no honest and consistent colored man could vote for Bobbitt, 'cause he said only a short time ago that 'he would suffer his right arm severed from his body rather than ask or allow an infamous, damnable black nigger to vote for him.'

WASHINGTON county can boast of an anti-Good Templar, who is a farmer, lawyer, ex-legislator, boss of a saw and grist mill, runs a steam thrasher, superintends a Sabbath School, owns an interest in a distillery, acts as clerk of a church, drinks his own liquor, and wants to be our next Governor.

BALTIMORE had a destructive fire on Friday last. At one time a general conflagration seemed imminent, and assistance was telegraphed for, and the greatest consternation prevailed, but it was finally controlled. The losses are estimated at from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000.

SNEDD claims that he has spik'd one of Varnon's guns, referring to our neighbor, the *Lancaster News*. The questions naturally arise in the minds of Democrats How did he do it? What was the consideration?

THE trustees of Public Library of Kentucky made an appropriation for printing Defoe's immortal work, *Robinson Crusoe* in raised letters and testimonial from among the noted educators of the South, determining to have it printed in the original language, which will be devoted to the art of Penmanship, which will be carried off the prize on two occasions.

INTERCOLLEGE Branches, including Reading, Spelling, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Spelling and Geography, per month. Primary Branches, including Spelling, Reading, Penmanship, Arithmetic, &c., per month. DEUTSCH & CO., Dealers in Books, Shoes, Hats, CLOTHING, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, GROCERIES, AND DRUGS.

JOHN W. PAINE, JR., Principal.

DRY GOODS.

CRAIG & McALISTER,

DEALERS IN

MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS.

FANCY GOODS.

LOUISVILLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. C. WILSON,

PIATT & ALLEN,

WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES,

FOUR DOORS WEST OF LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

W. PIATT, G. D. ALLEN,

WHEAT & CHESNEY,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AGENTS FRANKFORT COTTON MILLS.

NO. 231 MAIN STREET, BET. SIXTH AND SEVENTH,

OPPOSITE LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

JNO. J. WHEAT, 1-67-6m LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. PIATT, 1-67-6m LOUISVILLE, KY.

KENTUCKY PIANO MANUFACTORY,

THEO. GREEN & CO.,

Piano-Forte Manufacturers

WATERCOURT—RUDOLPH'S BLOCK, SECOND AND JEFFERSON,

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

A. H. PEACOCK, & CO.

JEWELRY.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

AND

SILVER-WARE.

OLD PIANOS EXCHANGED.

EVERY PIAN

# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873.

## NOTICE.

All communications, either of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HILTON & CAMPBELL, box 18, Standard, Ky.

All notices omitted in our advertising, subscription or job work must be sent in full, post-office money order or express or it will be at the parties own risk.

## OUR AGENTS.

Jas. Cook, Hintonburg, Crabs Orchard & S. Jones, Pine Hill; Thos. McGehee, Monticello; Dr. J. Brown, Mt. Vernon; D. H. Bastin, Highland; Sam. V. Campbell, Tumerville.

## Newspaper Laws.

We would call the special attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a copy of his paper) to the postmaster who's office he does not take up the paper out of the office, and state the reasons for which he has done so; and a neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment of his paper.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether he is a subscriber or not, and does not pay for it, has exchequer or is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders a paper delivered to him and part of the same is lost, the postmaster may continue to send it until the paper is made up to be stopped at a certain time, and the postmaster continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay it till he takes it from the postoffice, and if he does not pay it, the postmaster is bound to pay him a man's pay for what he uses.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take back papers from the postmaster or moving and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce B. W. S. HUFFMAN & CO., a Republican candidate for State Senator of the 17th Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Wayne and Putnam. Election 1st Monday in August.

## Subscriptions Paid.

The following have paid us their subscription since the publication of our last list:

Hill & Alcorn, city ..... \$2 00

A. F. Merriman ..... 2 00

G. J. H. ..... 2 00

Jas. H. ..... 2 00

John H. ..... 2 00

Jas. Alcorn, city ..... 2 00

Mrs. A. Alcorn, city ..... 2 00

J. M. Sandifer, Somerset ..... 1 00

M. J. ..... 1 00

J. W. Goss, Danville ..... 2 00

A. Q. Payne, Crabs Orchard ..... 1 00

J. S. Proctor ..... 2 00

Geo. Frisbie, Steubenville ..... 2 00

Jacob Cooper, county ..... 1 00

J. A. Newland, Tenn ..... 2 00

Carter & Peyton, Tumerville ..... 2 00

## RELIGIOUS.

Rev. G. C. Overstreet will preach at Willow Grove, on next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The Baptist Church of Richmond has secured the services of Eld. Geo. T. Stanley as pastor for the next twelve months.

Rev. R. H. Kinnard will preach at the Presbyterian church to-night (Friday); also on Saturday and Sunday nights. Communion service on Sunday morning.

The new Christian Church edifice, in Winchester, will be opened for religious worship the first Sunday in August. Elder Hopson of the Walnut street Louisville Christian Church will preach the first sermon in the church.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Robert Lillard and wife will take their departure for Colorado next week.

Mr. John Newland was on a visit to his old home last week. He is now located at Edgefield, Tenn.

Dr. A. F. Merriman, surgeon dentist, is in Lancaster, this week, rendering professional services to some of his old patients.

Mr. James Paxton, one of the trustees of the Stanford Female College, who accompanied Mrs. Trueheart and the corpse of her husband to Virginia, returned last Saturday.

Mr. G. W. Craddock, the veteran editor of the *True Kentuckian*, called to see us yesterday. What wretched was he ugly? Why, he is one of the handsomest, most genial young bachelors we ever met.

Mr. Walker and wife, of Nebraska, (see Miss Simpson, of Pulaski county, Ky.) were guests of the Commercial Hotel the other day. They were en route to the old home of their childhood, and we wish them a pleasant sojourn and a happy reunion with the relatives and friends of early days.

If every legal voter in the county will vote next Monday, the result will not be favorable to the Whisky Ring.

## Crab Orchard Springs.

CRAB ORCHARD SPRINGS, July 26, 1873.

*Correspondence Interior Journal:*

We beg an errant for our last letter, wanting "A" instead of "A" in the autograph of signature.

There are now here about three hundred, being one hundred new arrivals this week. Among the guests, we note Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Trabue, Capt. Wm. Hale and Mr. Trigg Moss and sisters, Capt. Shirley and family, Misses Fielder, Mr. Bertie Stokes, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Houston, Mr. Martin, Mr. Wm. Trabue, Isaac Caldwell and Dr. Shirley, of Louisville. Mr. Farrington and wife, and Miss Top, of Memphis. Miss Hart, Bourbon county, Miss, Miss Little, Missick, Lexington. Mr. H. Samuels and wife, Mr. E. L. Davidson and daughter, Frankfort, besides many we did not become acquainted with, and can't remember.

The Ball last night was decidedly the most dressy of the season, so far. Mr. Shelly Tevis mine how to perfection, bending his whole energies to the enjoyment of others, though he ground, despaired, and at last gave frankie in futile attempts to *detour* all the representatives from your town. The Ball was well attended—full dress; though I am not acute enough to venture into the realm of dress critique.

The Misses H. & Co., Misses M—, Miss D—, Miss T—, Miss F—, Miss L. M—k and Miss S— were exceedingly popular, and gained my approbation by regarding scrupulously their several engagements. To any young man who either wants a wife or a few weeks of enjoyable society, go to Crab Orchard Springs. To invalids and old folks we will send analysis of medical water.

The grand fancy-dress Ball is announced for next Friday night. About one hundred of the guests purpose attending the Stanford Fair.

The coming bard, Mr. Hunter, has struck a poetic vein—under the inspiration of Crab Orchard Springs life—and we fear for the reputation of standard poets.

## VOLUNTAS.

The People of Lincoln county were never called upon to vote a measure of such importance as that abolishing the sale of liquor within their limits.

## Emigration Turning!

Cheap Farms in South-west Missouri!

The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company offers 1,200,000 acres of land in Custer and South-west Missouri, at from \$2 to \$12 per acre, on seven years time, with free transportation from St. Louis to all purchasers. Climate, soil, timber, mineral wealth, schools, churches and law-abiding society invite emigrants from all points to this land of fruits and flowers. For particulars address, A. Tuck Land Commissioner, St. Louis, Mo.

## LOCAL BREVIETIES.

The county jail has but one inmate at present.

About one hundred head of cattle in town last Saturday.

S. H. Hickle advertises for a stray mare. Who's got it?

Half-grown chickens are selling on our streets at \$2 per dozen.

Blame a candidate that will dodge a fellow when a circus is in town.

Several of our traders sold horses and mules to the circus company for good prices.

The Garrard County Fair (colored) will be held August 26th, continuing four days.

There were a thousand people under the circus tent, at Waynesburg, last Monday.

Young fellows should draw it mild on Eggnog water when they attend C. O. Springs.

In order to be fashionable, Miss Belle Ake wears false hair and writes her name Belle Ake.

One of our stock dealers followed the circus tent at Dix River, at Gordon Spratt's tomorrow.

May the white banner of temperance float from every house-top in our county after Monday next.

Mrs. T. Peacock died very suddenly of a congestive chill, in Lancaster, on Monday last.

Don't fail to read Prof. Paine's advertisement, under the heading of "Educational," on the second page.

The fruit dealers have been tempting the populace with delicious ripe peaches during the past few days.

George Bright, of this county, cut seven acres and nine-tenths of timothy meadow in five hours, with a Buckeye mower that has been in use five years.

The Mercer Fair will commence August 5th instead of the 15th, as the treacherous types made us say last week.

The sun, moon and stars may vary, but the town-clock—never. It is under the skillful supervision of Col. T. Richards.

Never ask a postmaster to credit you for stamps. It is as mean as subscribing for a newspaper and failing to pay for it.

Mr. Williams, the photograph car man, is doing a lively business. His pictures are equal to any ever made in this place.

The handsomest front on any house in central Kentucky, is the universal verdict in favor of Van Arsdale's new brick.

Axes and hatchets played a conspicuous part in an affair between two or three showmen last Saturday. One man was hurt seriously.

We have now an excellent barber and hairdresser in our town, James Bacon. "Jim," says he is here to stay and we hope the people will give him employment.

Madison Female Institute, Richmond, Ky., will open next session the second Monday in September. Board and tuition, including everything, \$235. Address A. B. Jones, Principals.

The Trustees of town are making a very judicious outlay of money by repairing the streets and alleys in town, and making sewers and culverts where they have been long needed.

T. S. Parsons offers his Main Street house and lot for sale. Persons desiring a desirable location, and valuable town property at a bargain, should address him immediately at Stanford, Ky.

Why are mad-dogs, gun-powder, unwholesome provisions and infectious diseases subjected to the vigilante scrutiny of the law? The whisky business belongs in this category—the law sanctions it.

Crab Orchard Springs will be formally opened to-day, and will be celebrated with an inaugural ball. Miss Katie Strauss and her former class at Louisville, and her present class at the Springs, gave a grand fancy dress ball last night.

That great cock and bull story which some of our readers peruse in a contemporary last week, about the horrible depredations of a wild negro man in the vicinity of Crab Orchard, was next to everybody in that vicinity.

It is bad enough to publish such sensations when there is a shadow of truth in them.

Crab Orchard Springs will be formally opened to-day, and will be celebrated with an inaugural ball. If you will do, gentle men, you will receive the thanks of nine-tenths of the citizens of this precinct. You close them on Monday, and the good citizens of Lincoln will, by their votes on that day, abolish them for good and ye.

The organ of the *Albion* for August is sure to be charmed with its beautiful and sensible illustrations, as well as pleased with its fresh and pleasant literary contents. A magnificent, full-paged marine view opens the number, from the pencil of Mr. F. H. de Haas, N. A., one of our great painters of water scenes. It is a truthful sketch of what may be seen almost any day on Long Island Sound.

Mr. F. T. Vance, who has made the region a golden opportunity to prove themselves worthy of the elective franchise, by placing themselves on the side of moral reform; and those who resist the efforts of the whisky men to seduce them from the moral path, to sanc tion them in vice and corruption, will deserve and receive their due measure of praise.

The negro should be taught to realize that whisky is his greatest for prosperity, and the bar keeper his most dangerous enemy. Several negroes have taken refuge to avoid the dread fatality.

This news was heard in our town with the deepest regret. Mr. Singleton having many warm friends who sympathize with his wife and children, who must now suffer the pangs and sad realities of the death of a dear husband and father, who has been ever so kind to them.

It appears that Mr. Singleton returned to Chatahoochee on business the Saturday previous to his death, and contracted the disease while there.

NEW PUMP.

The trustees are now having removed the old pump from the well on public square, for the purpose of supplying it with a new one.

MAD-DOGS.

Two dogs have been recently killed about one mile below Somersett, supposed to be effected with hydrophobia.

RAIN.

The fine rains of the last three days will assist the corn crop of our county to a very gratifying and profitable extent.

OUR FAIR.

The fourth annual exhibition of the Pulaski Agricultural and Mechanical Association will be held on Thursday and Friday, September 4th and 5th, 1873. The directory say that they are determined to make this exhibition the present year the most interesting one ever held in the country. A large crowd of spectators is expected.

There are two delightful stories: "The Crow's Requiem," by Specht; "The Explanation," by Herper; "Vot Doosh Yon Peddles?" a humorous sketch by W. M. Cary; "Show Fly" and "Picking Flowers." The literary contents of *The Alabamian* keep pace with its good art, and are much more interesting.

There are two delightful stories: "The Crow's Requiem," by E. F. Guernsey; "The Gravestone Image," by Clara F. Guernsey. The miscellaneous articles are "Across the Atlantic in an Old Liner," from the pen of the graceful sketch writer, Charles Dawson Shandy; "Old New-England Traits;" "Nature's Forest Volume," pleasantly written by Elizabeth Stoddard, and a very amusing article called "Press Oddities," by Gath Brattle. Music, Art, and Literature receive, each, careful attention.

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At the hospital board of Mr. Greenup Jones, of this vicinity, a few days ago, eleven persons partook—rather sparingly, perhaps—of a sumptuous dinner. A few hours after eating, one after another of the company, including "mine host," commenced vomiting, until eight of the epicureans were each evidently trying to elide his neighbor in scientific vomitition. At first the coincidence was regarded as a very amusing episode and quite interesting finale to the day's enjoyment; but as the participants in the impromptu tableau grew "no better fast" at every hour, their more fortunate companions in the sanguinary table-conflict became alarmed and summoned a physician. By the time the doctor arrived, the matter was regarded with becoming seriousness, by both spectators and actors, and one poor fellow inquired anxiously, "Doctor have I got it?" The doctor soon relieved the party, and they are now enjoying their usual health, and we hope will live, in the future, heed this warning:

Fainted people must be slowly run,

And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

The physician thinks that the vanilla used in the ice-cream caused the trouble. This we do not doubt, as many similar cases are on record, and are occurring daily. Vanilla extract is made of trionyx beans, which are poisonous, and we hope the reader will take warning, and discontinue the use of vanilla as a flavor in the culinary department. Lemon is quite as good for flavoring, and is the purest of these ingredients. It is made of citric acid and sugar. The citric acid is made of lemon.

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# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, AUGUST : : 1, 1873.

## THE BEGGER'S WALTZ.

A STORY.

BY ADINA.

Written for the Louisville Ledger.

It was midnight. The harvest moon hung high in the heavens, and her silver light fell **lowly** on the sleeping village of Palam. But hark!—a strange discordant sound breaks from their respective windows at the bewildering apparition below.—There, in the infirmity of age, stood an individual—or a ghost. Long white hair fell in tangled lots over stooped shoulders, and about her face in such a manner that it was mostly concealed. Her shoes were worn, and her dress hung in tatters. Seeing that she had secured the attention of the household, she raised her eyes to the windows and bowed profoundly; then went through a series of gymnastic movements more easily imagined than described.

Becoming curious to know more of her nocturnal visitor, they descended to the pavement, with slight regard to toilet—the ladies' hair mysteriously dwindled since nightfall from the graceful Grecian coil to a knot like a walnut, and the gentlemen destitute of coat or collar.

Stranger still was the scene that ensued. They drew near her in order to take a minute survey, but she motioned them away with a quaint gesture, and to the surprise of all, hobbled off into a slow waltz.

Thus she continued, turning round and round, until her strength seemed exhausted; then, sinking down on the door-step to gain her breath, moaned pitifully.

She was evidently a beggar, but why she chose this novel means, and the hour of midnight, to ask aims of her fellow-creatures was a mystery to all. They gathered about her in amazement. Several questioned her, but her response was such jargon as none of her auditors had ever before heard in either civilized or heathen tongue.

She then drew a little flowered reticule from her left arm, which she passed from one to another for alms. Two gentlemen stood apart from the rest; she approached for their contribution also.

"Take that, vagabond," said the taller of the two, casting a pittance after feet, "and in the future earn your living as honest people do, in daylight."

The crone shrugged her shoulders, said nothing but thought deeply. She then bent her eyes on the face of the other, wondering if she should receive similar solace and advice from him.

He drew forth a coin of glittering gold, and as he gave it said, "poor wanderer, it will buy you bread and several nights' lodging."

She laid her hand on his head, and, raising her eyes to the starry heavens, seemed imploring a blessing to rest upon him. Then again bowing to her still wondering spectators, she hobbled off in the moonlight, looking more like a hobgoblin than a human.

\* \* \* \* \*

Palam was a quiet, unpretending place, yet it was that certain individuals persisted in finding there ever summer from the neighboring city, Sir Isaac Newton, with his powerful reasoning faculties, could not have told.

Still they came. Among the number of Mrs. Tarone's guests was Edna Bright a charming brunnette of nineteen, her features were symmetrical, her complexion clear, and her great brown eyes seemed a sparkling fountain of mirth and good humor.

She was envied by the ladies of course, and admired by the gentlemen—especially by two of whom we shall speak. One was Henry Vane, tall, dark-faced, and handsome; he was proud of his name, his fortune, and equally so of his personal attractions. His extreme indifference and self-possession amounted, at times, to haughtiness.

The face of the other, Maurice Cassell, was strikingly intellectual, and there was that in his expression peculiarly indicative of great power of will. Yet in manner he was shy and reserved, and previous to the arrival of Edna Bright, was seldom seen within a stone's throw of ruffles and frizzles.

Now, Mrs. Thorne's female boarders, ever faithful watchers, marvelled greatly that Henry Vane, so cold and indifferent to the charms of womanhood, and reticent Maurice Cassell, should alike become the victims of wild, romping Edna Bright.

Strange it is, that where there is no congeniality, either in manner or disposition, there often flows an intangible under-current of sympathy. Such was the case in this instance.

Edna Bright was bold unlike either of her admirers. One was cold and supercilious, the other shy and grave, while she was joyous and gay as the larks that sang in the meadow.

The hearts of two strong men turned to her as they had never before to woman. One was captivated by her surpassingly lovely face and vivacity of manner—the other loved her deeply and tenderly; yet had he been asked why, he could not have told. He had seen woman as beautiful, as intelligent, still he had never met the counterpart of Edna Bright.

In the gray twilight Henry Vane avowed to her his undying love.

"We're I banished to an isle of the sea

your presence would render me happy. I ask no more to—"

"See, Mr. Vane, there goes a lightning-bug!"

"A lightning-bug, and what of it?" exclaimed he indignantly.

"Yes sir, lightning-bug! Suppose, by some miraculous decree of nature, I should turn to such an insect as that, and fly from this rose-bower to a vale of thorns and thistles. Would you willingly become one likewise, and abide with me there so long as we both should live? Honestly, would you?"

"Miss Bright, you ask me this. You know not with whom you jest or what you cast away. Proud is the blood that flows through these veins, and when once insulted never forgives. I have lands and money. My Wealth should have been lavished on you, but henceforth we are strangers."

"Oh, sad, sorrowful, terrible, terrific," murmured she with a mock gravity, as he turned away.

"She then sat down on an oaken seat, within the arbor, and sang with vivacity in clear, sweet tones; an old Scotch dirge. "Edna Bright, you are a beauty, it is true, but a genuine pearl. You did not sell yourself for gold. You knew him who offered it to be unfree and selfish, and you sing as merrily over lost thousands as if you had accepted them."

"Truly, the nightingale is the sweetest of singers," said a voice at her elbow.

She looked up to meet the calm, grey eyes of Maurice Cassell.

"That was only the beginning of my song," answered she, "but as compliments are generally reserved until one has finished, I infer that it is your pleasure that I cease."

"Certainly it was rude in me to interrupt you, and I should get no more than justice were I half drowned once a week for my numerous blunders. Miss Bright," he continued in a graver tone, "I wish to see you alone this evening; the sound of your voice led me to the arbor, and I am here to tell you that I love you more than any living creature—more than life itself. Can you trust your future to my keeping?"

For the first time in her life Edna Bright knew not what to say. The first man she had ever loved had asked her to be his wife. She gazed mutely on the deep earnest face of Maurice Cassell, and he saw that a tear-drop glittered in either of the great brown eyes. Precious tears they were, for they told him more eloquently than words that he loved not in vain.

Thus were those two spirits, the laughing maiden and the grave man, betrothed, with no witness save the roses which clung over the arbor.

Maurice Cassell had feared Henry Vane as a rival. His wealth and handsome face, he thought, would plead strongly in his favor; while he had but his profession—that of law—and a persuasive tongue.

From a rustic seat under the elm, he had just seen in earnest conversation with Edna, noticed that he turned away abruptly, and that she completed the drama with a song to play the part of innocence.

He saw the fits of poor Vane, and rushed as if driven by an irresistible power to the poor man's side.

Henry Vane remembered now the generosity of Maurice Cassell, and in his heart cursed the day of his birth.

"Talk is useless now," said he, rising suddenly to his feet, "but when you are happy in the love of that devoted paragon, remember, treacherous girl, that I am miserable, and that it was you made me so."

Henry Vane left Palam, apparently a mere charitable man, even afterwards giving to beggars but despising them from the depths of his heart.

Maurice Cassell and Edna Bright often laughed over the scene on the moonlit pavement. He tells her that he bought her with gold, but adds, emphatically, that she is the dearest investment ever purchased for a similar sum.

### Death at the Communion Table.

Hopkinsville (Ky.) New Era.

We have to chronicle one of the saddest occurrences that have transpired in this country for many years. On last Sunday the Methodist held a quarterly conference at Shiloh church, five miles West of Hopkinsville. A large concourse of people were present, and at the close of the sermon Christians were invited to come to the communion table and partake of the Lord's Supper.

Mrs. Emily Owen, wife of T. A. Owen, being a communicant, walked forward apparently in as good health as any person in the church, but when in the very act of kneeling at the altar she dropped dead.

A physician present came to her side immediately, but all efforts to restore her were in vain. The calamity was so shocking, and cast such a gloom over the congregation, that the people dispersed to their homes before the close of the day's services. It is thought that she died of heart disease. Mrs. Owen was an estimable lady, and leaves a distressed husband and three little children to mourn their irreparable loss.

Strange it is, that where there is no congeniality, either in manner or disposition, there often flows an intangible under-current of sympathy. Such was the case in this instance.

Edna Bright was bold unlike either of her admirers. One was cold and supercilious, the other shy and grave, while she was joyous and gay as the larks that sang in the meadow.

The hearts of two strong men turned to her as they had never before to woman. One was captivated by her surpassingly lovely face and vivacity of manner—the other loved her deeply and tenderly; yet had he been asked why, he could not have told. He had seen woman as beautiful, as intelligent, still he had never met the counterpart of Edna Bright.

In the gray twilight Henry Vane avowed to her his undying love.

"We're I banished to an isle of the sea

above train of thoughts it was, that investigated him to ask a hearing the next morning, as we have said he did.

The week passed, and on the evening of the seventh day from the interview between Henry Vane and Edna Bright they met in the parlor, she to give him, to receive, his answer. Several were present, but as the room was spacious, he led her to the old bay window, thinking their conversation would be unheard.

To his chagrin, presently in came five charming ladies, four gentlemen, two more ladies, Maurice Cassell, then Mrs. Thorne, the good proprietress. Henry Vane was vexed. He was asking Edna what it meant, when a gentleman arose saying, "Miss Bright requested me to state ladies and gentlemen, that the object of this meeting is to allow her to express her gratitude, and return the sum liberally donated when she came in your midst in the guise of poverty."

A characteristic anecdote may be related by those who had experienced the two denizens of the South, we find in the editor's drawer of *Harper's Magazine*:

The negro and the mule (writes a friend in Clinton Louisiana,) are inseparable companions in the Southern cotton field, and, like the Hiawathan string bow, useless each without the other.—The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of the one, and wonderful powers of endurance of severe labor, bad treatment and neglect of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of four millions of bales. A characteristic anecdote may be related by those who had experienced the two denizens of the South, we find in the editor's drawer of *Harper's Magazine*:

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